

The Critic

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Authors at Home.* II.

JOHN BURROUGHS AT ESOPUS.

WHEN the author of 'Winter Sunshine' comes to town, it is over the most perfectly graded track and through the finest scenery about New York. Returning he is carried past Weehawken and the Palisades, through the Jersey Meadows, in and out among the West Shore Highlands, under West Point, and past Newburg factories and Marlborough berry farms. He leaves the train at West Park, mounts a hill through a peach-orchard, crosses a grassy field and the highroad when he reaches the top, opens a rustic gate and is at home. From the road, you look down upon the roofs and dormers and chimneys of the house, about half covered with the red and purple foliage of the Virginia creeper. The ground slopes quite steeply, so that the house is two stories high on the side next the road and three on the side toward the river, which winds away between high, wooded banks to the Catskills, twenty miles to the north, and to the Highlands, thirty miles to the south. The slope, in the rear of the house, to the river, is laid out in a grapery and an orchard of apple and peach trees. Between the house and the road the steep hillside is tufted with evergreens and other ornamental trees. At the foot of the hill, the gray roofs of a big ice-house are seen. Squirrels, that have their nests in the sawdust packing, clamber around the walls. Near the house, to the left, there is a substantial storehouse, and a carriage-shed and stable. There are two other dwellings on the farm. The country immediately about is all very much alike, nearly half of it in ornamental plantations surrounding neat country houses; the other half, where it is not occupied by rocks, being covered with fruit, or corn, or grass. The opposite shore of the Hudson is of the same character, varied with clumps of timber, villas and farm-houses of the style that was in vogue before the introduction of the so-called Queen Anne mode of building; a few cultivated fields and many wild meadows and outcropping ridges of slate rock intervening. But the interior country, on the hitherside, back of the railroad which cuts through the slate hills like a hay-knife, is a perfect wilderness—rugged, barren, and uninhabited. A number of little lakes lie behind the first range of hills, the highest of which has been named by Mr. Burroughs, Mount Hymettus, because it is a famous place for wild bees and sumac honey. From one of these ponds, an exemplary mountain stream—a model of all that a mountain stream should be—makes its way by a series of cascades into the valley, where it forms deep pools, peopled by silvery chub and black bass, brawls over ledges, sparkles in the sun and sleeps in the shadow, and performs all the recognized and traditional brook 'business' to perfection. Its specialty is its bed of black stones and dark green moss, which has gained it its name of Black Creek. At one spot, where it passes under a high bank overhung by hemlocks, it has communicated its dark color

to the very frogs that jump into it, and to the dragonflies, that rid it of mosquitoes.

The road between West Park and Esopus crosses this brook near a ruined mill, whose charred rafters lie in the cellar, and whose wheel-buckets are filled with corn-shucks. The ruby berries of the nightshade hang in over its window-sills. This is the most varied two miles of road that I can bring to mind. Starting with a fine view up and down the river, it soon dips into the valley, between walls of slate and rows of tall locusts. The locusts are succeeded by the firs and pines of a carefully kept estate. Then comes the stream spanned by a rustic bridge; the ruined mill, and the new rise of ground which, beyond the railroad, reaches up into summits covered with red oaks and flaming orange maples. A tree by the roadside, now torn in two by a storm, is pointed out by Mr. Burroughs as the former home of an old friend of his—a brown owl who, in the course of a ten years' acquaintanceship, as if dreading the contempt that familiarity breeds, never showed an entire and unhesitating confidence in him. The bird would slink out of sight as he approached—slowly and by imperceptible degrees; wisely effacing himself rather than that it should be said he was too intimate with a mere human. Esopus contains a tavern, a post-office, a bank, a blacksmith-shop and one or two houses; and yet—like an awkward contingency—one would never suspect its existence until he had got fairly into it. From the railroad station it is invisible; it cannot be seen from the river; and the road, which runs through it, knows nothing of it before or after.

Mr. Burroughs's portrait must be drawn out of doors. He is of a medium height, but being well-built and having a fine head, he gives the impression of being by no means a middling sort of man, physically. His skin is well tanned by exposure to all sorts of weather. He has grisly hair and beard. The eyes and mouth have a somewhat feminine character; the eyes are humid, rather large, and they are half closed when he is pleased; the lips are full, the line between them never hard, and the corners of the mouth are blunt. The nose would be Roman, if it were a trifle longer. I make no apology for giving so short a description of a man whom it would be well worth while to paint. It is unnecessary to sketch his mental features, for he has unconsciously placed them on record, himself, in the delightful series of essays which he has added to the treasures of the English language.

His walks, his naturalistic rambles, his longer boating or shooting excursions, are the subjects of some of his most entertaining chapters; but a not impertinent curiosity may be gratified by some account of his everyday life when at home and at work. His literary labors are at a stand-still throughout the summer. He does not take notes. Even when he has returned from camping out, or canoeing, or from his summer vacation of whatever form, he does not rush at once to pen and paper. He waits till the spirit moves him, which it usually begins to do a little after the first frosts. He rises early—between five and six o'clock; breakfasts, walks, reads the newspapers or employs himself about the house and farm until nine or ten; then writes for three or four hours, seldom more. He has always refused to do literary work to order, although he has had some tempting offers. He will write only what he pleases, and when he pleases, and so much as he pleases. And he observes no method in preparing, any more than in doing, his work. He exacts from himself no account of his time. He does not feel himself bound in conscience to improve every incident that has occurred, every observation he has made during the year. He simply lets the material which he has absorbed distill over into essays long or short, few or many, as providence directs. He does not belong to the class of methodical laborers who make a business of writing, and who would feel conscience-stricken if, at the close of their working-day, they had not blackened a certain number of sheets of white paper. But he acknowledges that good work

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is done in that way, and he thinks it is all a matter of habit.

His neighbors see to it that his leisure does not degenerate into idleness. They have made a bank examiner of him, and a superintendent of roads, and, latterly, a postmaster. The first-mentioned position is the only one that has any emoluments attached to it; but, as he likes to drive, he thinks it for his interest to see after the roads, and he hopes, now that his post-office at West Farms is in working order, to get his mails in good time.

Most of his books—'Wake Robin,' 'Birds and Poets,' 'Winter Sunshine,' etc.—were written in the library of his house, a small room, fitted with book-shelves both glazed and open, and enjoying a splendid view of the Hudson to and beyond Poughkeepsie. But he has lately built himself a study, several hundred yards from the house and more directly overlooking the river. Here he has pretty complete immunity from noise and from interruptions of all sorts. It is a little, square building, the walls rough-cast within and faced with long strips of bark without. Papers, magazines, books, photographs, lithographs lie scattered over the table, the window-sills and the floor, and fill some shelves let into a little recess in the wall. A student's lamp on the table shows that the owner sometimes reads here at night. His room-mates at present are some wasps hatched out of a nest taken last winter and suspended to the chimney. This primitive erection is further ornamented with a lot of pictures of men and birds, the men mostly poets—Carlyle being the only exception—and the birds all songsters. Two steps from the study is a summer-house of hemlock branches, with gnarled vine-stocks twisted in among them, where one may sit of an afternoon and read the New York morning papers, or watch the boats or the trains on the opposite bank, or the antics of a squirrel among the branches of the apple-tree overhead, or the struggles of a honey-bee backing out of a flower of yellow-rattle.

Mr. Burroughs has been his own architect; and I know many people who might wish that he had been theirs too. He planned and superintended the erection of his house, which is a four-gabled structure, with a porch in front and a broad balcony in the rear. Most of the timber for the upper story is oak from his old Delaware County farm. The stone of which the two lower stories are built was obtained on the spot, and is a dark slate plentifully veined with quartz. Great pains were taken in the building to turn the handsomest samples of quartz to the fore, and to put them where they would do the most good, artistically. Over the lintel of the door, for example, is a row of three fine specimens; and a big chunk, with mosses lying between its crystals, protrudes from the wall near the porch. The variety of color so obtained, with the drab woodwork of the upper story and the red Virginia vine, keeps the house, at all seasons, in harmony with its surroundings. It is no less so within; for doors, wainscots, window-frames, joists, sills, skirting-boards, floors and rafters are all of native woods, left of their natural colors, and skilfully contrasted with one another; one door being of Georgia pine with oak panels, another of chestnut and curled maple, a third of butternut and cherry, and so on. Grayish, or brownish, or russet wall-papers, and carpets to match, give the house very much of the appearance of a nest, into the composition of which nothing enters that is not of soft texture and low and harmonious color.

ROGER RIORDAN.

Reviews

"Where the Battle was Fought."*

IN this day of rapid and breathless work one is often struck with the rapidity and breathlessness of the imaginative writers, the writers of fiction, who rush before us like the flaming heralds of the Greek tragedy, and fling down volume after volume—veritable gauntlets of defiance.

* Where the Battle was Fought. By Charles Egbert Craddock. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

Things struck off at a white heat are flung quivering into the press; pictures are exhibited before their colors are dry; operas leap from the fingers of the composers to the fiddles of the orchestras and are enshrined in all the luxury of pictorial and melodious art in a single evening. The Oliphants and Blacks and Braddons and Crawford are not satisfied unless they quadruple their individuality and present their protean faces in three or four different magazines simultaneously. Occasionally, though rarely, swift work is atoned for and accompanied by skill of workmanship, and we forgive the eager artist in the plenitude of our pleasure. So it is with 'Where the Battle was Fought.' Just the other day to be sure we had 'In the Tennessee Mountains,' a batch of charming stories, each perfect and distinct in its way, each carefully finished, each showing the slow precipitation and accretion of many nights and months; but these had been gathering and sweetening and ripening for us in the deliberate pages of *The Atlantic*, and the fragrant sheaf was simply tied by a new title and sent to our shelves for safe keeping and for a rainy day. Thus we cannot truthfully charge Mr. Craddock with forcing his grapes or-surcharging his sweetness, though we may regret that he did not wait just a trifle longer or select a canvas just a hand-breadth smaller whereon to throw his brilliant effects. 'Effects' we say deliberately, for this book is a series of them, strung rather loosely together, and revolving round a landscape of impressive power and strangeness. There is a love-tale of course; there is debt; there are villains intriguing for the property of a young girl; there is an old Confederate General and his family fighting the tiger at the door; but above and beyond all these is the wonderful battlefield where all this love, villainy, and fight takes place—the superb landscape-painting in which the author excels, the quaint Tennessee people with their twang and their tears and their hate mixing with the gentilities of the story and giving it a human and an earthly interest which we can hardly feel is mere love, villainy and fight of the conventional sort. There is something Hawthornesque in the part which inanimate nature is made to play in this novel—a gigantic personification that wails and loves and hates—speechless, yet full of speech, tearless yet fraught with innumerable tears, voiceless yet full of tongues and languages. We everywhere feel the great Mother on whose breast these poor little children sob out their fates and sorrows. And inwrought with this entertaining and engirdling nature there is a symbolism. 'Where the battle was fought' in two senses indeed; the overthrown ramparts, the wreck and defeat left by the War, and the battle fought by Marcia and Estwicke and Antoinette and Brunett; each enshrined within the other, each throwing the other impressively into relief. In this perpetual alternation, indeed, lies the fault of the book—its unevenness, its episodic character, its projection on the imagination of a series of scenes, explosions, effects highly picturesque, but wanting in concentration and in continuity. Imagine these scenes to be cantos, and the book becomes a poem.

History of the New Testament.*

ONE of the more conservative Biblical scholars of Germany is Dr. Eduard Reuss. His work on the history of the New Testament has long been a standard authority. It is marked by the minute and comprehensive scholarship of the Germans, and by all their thoroughness and solidity. The first volume treats of the origin of the New Testament books and the second of the history of the canon, text and exegesis. With great accuracy and skill the author brings together the facts bearing on these subjects, so far as the facts are to be had; and where hypothesis is necessary he supplies it in a spirit of honest research. His work looks dry and forbidding because it presents a hard appearance on the outside. The principle portion of the subject is put into larger type, which is immediately followed by comments

* History of the Sacred Scriptures of the New Testament. By Eduard Reuss. Translated by Edward L. Houghton. 2 vols. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

on minor points and a full bibliography in a type much smaller. These breaks, occurring on every page, make the reading difficult, but to the student they are indispensable. The whole treatment shows that intimate acquaintance with the subject and that love of exact truth which make the chief value of a work of this kind. Dr. Reuss is more cautious and conservative than many recent German scholars, but he is more reliable and accurate withal; and he is not more cautious than others because he is less scholarly and able. The time has perhaps come when the New Testament is to be treated not merely as a theme on which to display the ingenuity of one's speculative genius. It demands something of that absolute respect for facts which the scientist claims is the chief glory of his researches. The work by Dr. Reuss is one which American students and clergymen will accept with satisfaction, because it has a true respect for the New Testament, and because of its trustworthy conclusions. The translation is from the last revised and enlarged edition, and great care appears to have been taken with it to make it accurate and complete. The translator has added much to the value of the work by his extensive references to the English and American literature of the subject, thus making the book far more serviceable to students in this country.

"The Usages of the Best Society."*

It is not stated that this elaborate treatise on the laws of etiquette is a compilation; but, unless we are very much mistaken, we have seen entire sentences and paragraphs of 'The Usages' in a book recently issued under quite a different title. That a bride may wear her wedding-dress to dinners and balls after her marriage, provided she 'divests herself of her veil and orange blossoms'; that 'a disagreeable woman can always find precedents for being formal and chilling; a fine-tempered woman can always find reasons enough for being agreeable'; that 'the lady who has conquered the salad question may laugh at the caprices of cooks'; and that 'it is better in a country-house to have some cold dish that will serve as a resource if the cook should leave'; and that napkin-rings should be 'relegated to the nursery tea-table'—all these sentences have a familiar ring. On the other hand, there are several new things in the book. The last book on the subject that we read stated that bridesmaids wore short dresses and that their bouquets were presented by the bridegroom; we now learn that the 'latest' is for bridesmaids to wear trains, and for the bride to give the bouquets of the 'maids' and the *boutonnieres* of the ushers. It is new to us that some people like sugar in their soup; that the nice distinctions of table etiquette require a gentleman to be 'very attentive to the lady at his right, to pass anything needful to the lady at his left, and to be very amiable to the lady opposite'; while on reading that, 'as a guest, you need not thank host or hostess for your dinner,' we gasped with relief to remember that, although we had never been told this before, we had happily, like one of Molière's *précieux ridicules*, been doing the proper thing all our lives without knowing it; as also in regard to the information that 'an engaged couple can accept gifts from each other, and it is quite proper for her to visit his family, if he have a mother and sisters.' What is proper, we wonder, in case he has only a mother, or a mother and only one sister? The book, like all good-books of the kind, contains some wise suggestions; but, as a whole, it is of a kind to make one feel, as the ladies say, 'tired,' to think of the people who might try to regulate their lives by it. Its helpfulness reminds one of the fence around a graveyard for which a certain critic could see no use, as those who were in could not get out, and those who were out didn't want to get in.

People who move in such society as this book treats of certainly do not need its instructions; and although those who do not may want to 'get in,' it is very doubtful if they could do so by aid of a book. For books are liable

to the errors of proof-readers as well as of authors. It would be a pity for a *nouveau-riche* to send out invitations for what this book calls a '*déjeuner à la fourchette*' (*sic*), and a novice in the etiquette of turning down visiting cards would naturally be bewildered on being told that 'the right-hand corner turned down denotes a call in person; the left-hand lower corner, similarly mutilated, congratulation; the left-hand lower corner, condolence.' The author apologizes in the preface for giving information quite needless for average society, on the plea that she writes for 'less perfect humanity'; but 'less perfect humanity,' which is presumably the humanity that needs to be told not to eat with its knife and not to thank its host for its dinner, rarely moves in such circles as are described in these pages; such circles, for instance, as those following the rules laid down in the chapter on the 'etiquette of mourning,' from which we learn that 'the quality of the fabrics which express the utmost sorrow has been the same for many a year' that after six months a widow may throw back her veil, that the mourning of a parent for a child is next in degree to that of a widow for her husband, and that for brothers and sisters the mourning used to be six months, but is now reduced to four.

The "Punch" Cartoons.

MR. PUNCH as Clio appears in a new character, but one that is not ill sustained. In his hands the Muse of History is no stately and high-strung creature, but a saucy little Bohemian, with a sly wink of her own, and guiltless of blue stockings. But there is no malice in her laugh, and if she has her little prejudices, at least she is never insincere. But however admirable in conception, the present compilation is defective in execution. In the process of reproduction the cartoons have lost much of their sharpness of outline; their reduction in size, too, is the reverse of an improvement. One fails to see on what principle the selection has been made. Some of the best hits—such as the famous cartoon in which Russell chalks up 'No Popery' on Cardinal Wiseman's door and runs away—are omitted, while several of the subjects chosen for reproduction are wanting in interest. The earlier years of the series—when *Punch* flourished under Doyle and Leech in a vigorous youth—furnish a relatively small number of plates, and from 1853 to 1857 there is a gap of four years in the half-century. This 'half-century,' by the bye, extends from 1846 to 1878 only—short measure by thirty-three per cent. Not a single cartoon has been inserted on the subject of the Crimean War, the Franco-German War, or the Indian Mutiny. Chronological order is often violated, thus unnecessarily obscuring the reader's view of the sequence of events. On the other hand, the notes explanatory of the cartoons, if somewhat meagre, are accurate enough, with the exception of that on 'Non Dolet,' where the floggings which 'William' receives are interpreted as Liberal defeats at bye-elections. Aside from our recollection of the facts, the picture itself clearly shows that the floggings are victories in the House gained on minor questions by the Conservative Opposition.

Yet, after all, the book is sufficiently amusing. Look at the startled expression on Russell's face when he finds Disraeli, the Protectionist Cuckoo, comfortably settled among the young sparrows. Or at the Duke of Wellington as he listens, mildly subridant, while the Peace Recruiting Sergeant (John Bright) plies his profession. Perhaps the most ridiculous personage in Mr. Punch's gallery of portraits is Pope Pius IX., whether he is shown holding up his tattered skirts on the quay, a wretched tramp; or struggling, his crown jammed over his nose, in Louis Napoleon's grasp; or trying his best to snuff out the sun with an allocation. But to our mind, Mr. Punch is most amusing when he drops politics.

* *The Usages of the Best Society.* By Frances Stevens. New York: A. L. Burt.

* *Half a Century of English History*, pictorially presented in a series of cartoons from the collection of Mr. Punch. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Some Recent Language Text-Books.

THE PUBLIC are well acquainted by this time with the characteristic methods pursued by Dr. Rosenthal in his now famous and popular 'Meisterschaft' series of texts designed to teach with rapidity a conversational knowledge of French and German. That his method is the best of the *conversational* methods—better than many-tongued Ollendorff with his rows and columns of phrases, or Otto with his mingled syntax, exercises, and conversation, or Prendergast, Robertson, and the rest—all who have carefully examined his books will be inclined to admit; and yet one may admit this without necessarily implying that the system of modern language teaching in this country is going to be revolutionized by these books. *Tot homines, quot sententiae*—an aphorism applicable to text-books no less than to their compilers. Give all a chance. Among the innumerable institutions in this country there is room for all. An all-embracing hospitality is the tone of the textual world of the day; and there is, fortunately, no monopoly in methods. The system pursued by Dr. Rosenthal, however, is a valuable one. Taking a foundation sentence of ten or twenty words, gradually, by the skilful interweaving of only everyday, necessary words, he increases the student's vocabulary to two or three thousand words that embrace all the working terms of ordinary conversation. Such a method will undoubtedly succeed well in the hands of an adroit teacher, and will give the student much ease and colloquial insight, and an ample vocabulary. It will not, however, supplant the ancient system of teaching and learning French and German, a system based on a plan similar to the methods by which Latin and Greek are taught—by exercise, sentence-analysis, and careful translation. This special Spanish book is in fifteen handy pamphlets small enough to be carried about conveniently in one's pocket, and studied at odd moments. The pronunciation is spelled out phonetically, without glaring impropriety, though we would call Dr. Rosenthal's attention to his rather too systematic representation of the Spanish *d* as a *th*, and to the specimens of unidiomatic English which occasionally mar the translations in his book. (Estes & Lauriat.)

THE 'German Grammar' of Professor H. C. G. Brandt (Putnam) is an admirable work. Its construction implies, although the author makes no direct statement to that effect, that the compiler believes in grammars to be used merely as reference books, and not to be committed to memory with that pitiful struggle known to the Latin student of olden times, who could hardly be blamed if he came to regard Latin literature merely as furnishing valuable illustrations to the rules of 'Andrews and Stoddard.' Prof. Brandt has evidently the true idea that grammar lies on the farther side of literature; that it is largely a thing for scholars, who have a fancy for knowing the why and wherefore of what they have already acquired, and not for beginners who are apt to take their verbs and prepositions as the little boy, whose father had forgotten to help him to meat, took his salt—'so as to be ready for the meat you are going to give me, papa, by and by.' The examples given by Prof. Brandt to illustrate his rules have the double merit of being taken largely from literature, and of not being translated into English, and there are no 'exercises.' The 'Advanced Grammar' of Part II. is an elaborate preparation for scholars, but Part I. is adapted to the general student, even for beginners, if used for reference.

'PRINCIPLES of General Grammar,' by J. Roemer, LL.D., (Appleton) does not meet any want that we can appreciate. Its title-page states that it has been compiled 'for the use of colleges and schools,' but it is too abstruse and indefinite for any but scholars to follow its assertions with ease, and what a scholar would be able to extract from it hardly seems worth extracting, the fact finally mastered being either something that the scholar knew before, or some-

thing that only a scholar of the Casaubon type would care to know. Opening at random for an illustration to support what may seem captious criticism, we will quote the following: 'Negatives are also adverbial expressions denoting, like other adverbs, particular circumstances of time, place, quantity, manner, etc., but in a negative sense. Hence, we find them in some languages composed of two terms, one of which is the negative proper, and the other its complement, signifying the circumstance which modifies it with relation to time, place, quantity, manner, etc., and which is itself an affirmative expression.' No student in any college or school that we know of would be able to see through such a statement as that, which is a fair sample of the style of the book generally; and we doubt whether even Mr. Casaubon would be able to give off-hand an example to illustrate each of these modifying affirmative expressions limiting the negative expression in time, place, quantity, manner, etc. It is to be stated, however, that for Casaubons the book has a value in being one of 'general grammar' and thus giving a comparative view of different languages which may interest the scholar but ought not to be risked in perhaps alienating the pupil forever from anything that looks like grammar.

WOULD that we were children again! Not that we might renew the innocence or simplicity or thoughtless happiness of childhood; not even that we might read the delicious modern literature for children; but that we might go to school and *not* learn three-fourths of what we used to learn, and that we might acquire the other fourth with an ease largely attributable to enjoyment of the subject in hand. The 'Handbook of Latin Writing,' by Henry Preble and Charles P. Parker, tutors in Harvard University (Ginn, Heath & Co.), is one of the text-books that are now constantly deepening our regret for our lost youth. If anything is appalling to the average pupil, it is certainly Latin composition; if anything can make Latin composition a delightful recreation, this little book will do it. It is an admirable effort to lead the student to translate the thought rather than the words of any given exercise, to use dictionaries as little as possible, and to understand not merely the rule for construction, but the reasons for certain forms of construction and more particularly the beauty of these forms. No Latin teacher or pupil can fail to find it a valuable help. Even for those who do not attack Latin composition, it will be found to give suggestions that will greatly help toward the appreciation of Latin literature.

WE HAVE only praise for the admirable 'Latin Lessons' of John Tetlow, A.M. (Ginn, Heath & Co.) The 'Lessons' have been prepared by one who, as a theorist, accepts the modern method of making the pupil a discoverer rather than a learner, but who, as a practical teacher, understands that it is a pity for youth not to profit to some extent by what the elders have mastered, and who would therefore rather help the student too much than too little. To those brought up to consider the laws of the Medes and Persians fickleness itself compared with the laws of Andrews and Stoddard, it is something of a shock to hear that their children are saying 'amo, amare, amari, amatus'; but the new professors are certainly right in considering the perfect participle much more of a 'principal part' than the poor old supine. No grammatical rules are laid down in the 'Lessons'; the good old 'ad, ante, con, in, inter, ob, post, prae,' etc., is superseded. A Latin sentence is given—it is not the least valuable point in the 'Lessons'—that the examples are drawn from classical sources,—and the pupil is led to notice certain forms of construction from which he is told to formulate a general rule for himself; an inductive method likely to prove valuable in more studies than Latin.

WE SEE no possible advantage in the new system of teaching French by Prof. E. C. Dubois, in 'The French Teacher.' (Lee & Shepard.) Open the book anywhere at random, and

a confused page of elaborate information meets the eye which is discouraging even for one already versed in French to try to unravel. We cannot conceive of a young student, suddenly confronted with pages 30 and 31 of this new 'system'—where the root of the verb illustrating the second conjugation in *ir* waits like a spider at the centre of radiating lines terminating at the other end in all sorts of tenses—affected by anything but an intense disgust for the language of Molière. The special verb being *finir*, and the spider-root *fin*, is—we fear—symbolical of what would become of the students' desire to learn French. Nor do we comprehend the value of the 'Dictée' in books intended to be put in the pupils' hands. The chief advantage of the 'Dictée' is that pupils may learn to write from sound merely, without previous acquaintance with what they are to write.

THE 'German Reader' of William Deutsch, teacher of German in the St. Louis High School (Ginn, Heath & Co.), is a very excellent one. It is to be used without a grammar, and with as little as possible of grammatical instruction. It contains brief anecdotes and stories that can be committed to memory, and twelve standard poems, with collections of phrases, common verbs and adjectives, idiomatic expressions, notes and a vocabulary. The earlier stories and anecdotes have attached to them admirable little exercises varying the phrases used, which are a decided feature of the book. Remembering with how much more ease and accuracy the languages are taught abroad, where no language is permitted in use at all during the lesson except the one under consideration, it seems doubtful whether English translation of stories and words is desirable; but the compiler, while advocating a little English at first, aims at drifting out of it as soon as he believes possible; we only differ from him in thinking it unnecessary to have any English.

'LATIN SYNONYMS,' by Edgar S. Shumway, A.M., (Ginn, Heath & Co.) is a valuable, though small, book of reference, dealing with those niceties of language which are one of the delights of the linguist. It is not a tedious book about synonyms, but a long list of actual synonyms for a language which is not satisfied with calling a spade a spade, but is delicately capable of indicating whether you mean a spade with a handle or without; in other words, a language which has two words for 'blood' according as you mean blood in ordinary circulation or blood flowing from a wound; two words for 'child' as you may wish merely to indicate its relative age or may want to show its relation to its parents; two words for 'royal,' that you may show at once whether you refer to what is fitting for a king or merely to what belongs to a king. The little book must prove a very useful and welcome one.

'A READER of German Literature,' by W. H. Rosenstengel (Putnam), is intended for advanced students in high-schools and colleges and is an admirable collection of extracts from the classic masterpieces and from modern literature, including not only dramas and lyric poems, but novels, histories, histories of civilization, and language. Notes are given, and mythological terms and terms of the philosophical sciences are explained in English; but it is an excellent feature of the book that all other explanations are given in German, to accustom the student to think in German. So many 'students' of German give up German when it no longer attracts as a 'soft thing' in an elective course of study, that to give them such a reader as this with extracts from many masterpieces is probably wiser than to keep them on a single drama.

Minor Notices.

AN admirable book for boys, and an interesting one for any reader, is 'Perseverance Island, or the Robinson Crusoe of the Nineteenth Century,' by Douglass Frazer, illustrated.

(Lee & Shepard). Every one will remember that the wonders of the original 'Robinson Crusoe' and of 'The Swiss Family Robinson' were just a little spoiled for him by the remarkable resources always just at hand and so easy for an author to supply. There was always a wreck near by, with a little of everything which fortunately had not been quite spoiled. 'The Robinson Crusoe of the Nineteenth Century' is designed to teach in a simple way the appliances of science, in giving the story of a Crusoe cast on a desert island with no wreck from which to rescue things, but with a large book called 'Compendium of Useful Arts and Sciences.' Of course the providential element enters somewhat into the new version, and one may still query what could be accomplished by a Crusoe who did not have the book, or who did not find on his island saltpetre, gold, iron, coal, oysters, pearls, etc.; yet it still remains true that many a man might find the saltpetre and the iron and the gold without being able to accomplish with them what this modern Crusoe did. The book is therefore good in giving boys something as entertaining as adventures, while the adventures are really only experiments in science. The new Crusoe begins with making fire without the aid of matches, distilling salt water to procure fresh, making implements of defence, erecting towers of perpetual lamps, making flint, steel and tinder, bows and arrows, fish-hooks and lines, discovering coal, sulphur, saltpetre and iron, and fashioning a canoe; from which he goes on to the building of a mill and smelting-house, the making of a compass, determining his latitude and longitude, making glass, submarine boats, powder and cannon, balloons, steam-yachts, wine, etc. A few sensational elements are added—the discovery of a skeleton instead of a Man Friday, with a valuable MS. in its hand, etc.; but there is nothing to injure the general good effect of the book in giving entertainment while suggesting all that science has taught us to accomplish.

'NATURAL-HISTORY Plays and Dialogues,' by Louisa P. Hopkins (Lee & Shepard), is a much more attractive little book than its practical name suggests. It is all in rhyme, and is intended for the use of children of the Kindergarten age, being issued as a sort of text-book for children in school; but some of the little poems are very dainty merely as poems, quite apart from the scientific element in their composition, which is seldom over-conspicuous. A very cunning touch, in giving just enough of science for the very youthful intellect to grasp, is in the song of the Beavers:

Ahyab, my family
Is older yet;
Their giant fossil bones
Are often met
In some deep stratum—which,
I now forget.

The sound of these little rhymes is also skilfully made an echo of the sense: the beetles and ants crawl and dig and burrow and build in slow, systematic measures; the orioles and insects flit and warble and dance in measures light and joyous as their life. With prettier covers, the book would be a pretty gift-book as well as a useful text-book.

'PRETTY LUCY MERWYN,' by Mary Lakeman, prettily illustrated (Lee & Shepard), is a graceful and refined story of young girls, by the author of 'Ruth Eliot's Dream.' Like that, it is a little dreamy in style, and it is not always easy to see the 'point' to the story; but unless one can handle school-girl slang and nonsense as Miss Alcott used to, it is better to have the ideal prominent in books for girls, and 'Pretty Lucy Merwyn' is more bright and practical than 'Ruth Eliot's Dream' while equally refined and pleasing. We must confess, however, that the stately manner in which Lucy's father announces to her that the house is on fire hardly seems adapted to the ordinary emergency, and Lucy would have done well, instead of waiting,

'paralyzed with fear,' for a hero to come and stone her rattlesnake, simply to stand back a few steps and run. Of course, if one is paralyzed one can't run, and the bravest heroine is liable to paralysis; but as a matter of fact Lucy was quite safe from the rattlesnake at the distance from him represented in the picture, as long as she was paralyzed, and was in considerable more danger when the youth began stoning.

'THE MENTOR,' by Alfred Ayres (Funk & Wagnalls), is a book on manners and etiquette somewhat novel in being intended 'for the guidance of such men and boys as would appear to advantage in the society of persons of the better sort.' It contains a great many excellent quotations and extracts from good authority, and is probably as helpful as any work of the kind can be, giving general suggestions as to the courtesy that comes from thoughtfulness for others, as well as for the outward grace that can only come from practice and observation. An admirable rule advised is to be at home what you wish to appear abroad; and in the lessons that come from observation, it may be added that it is not always necessary to observe the 'better sort' of people to discover the right mode of action for one's self:

'Who in politeness, Lokman, was thy guide?'
'The impolite,' the learned sage replied.

THE best reader and speaker that we have seen since the days of the fine old 'American First-Class Book' is 'Choice Readings,' compiled by R. J. Fulton and T. C. Trueblood. (Ginn, Heath & Co.) It contains a good deal of the classic eloquence of rounded periods, still dear to us through the old-fashioned readers, as well as more recent literature of every style. It is much to say of so large a collection that it has been made with faultless taste, but we can truly say that nothing has been chosen in absolutely poor taste; and although the compilers have been careful to consider, not only intrinsic excellence in the pieces, but adaptation to the purpose of delivery aloud, the book is not only useful as a text-book for reading in schools and speaking, but as a reference book of general literature for the household.

'MARJORIE HUNTINGDON,' by Harriet Pennawell Belt, (Lippincott) is a sort of novel for young girls. All the paragraphs are very much too long, and although in one sense it is desirable for girls to consider their marriage one of the very important steps in life, in another it is very undesirable for so much of a long book like this to be occupied with the marriage question and with lovers; especially as Marjorie marries a man in the end who ought to have been beneath her contempt, however earnestly he may have reformed after marrying her. We are sorry to see the newspaper 'disappearance in high life' beginning to take its place in fiction.

A Memory.

IN swift and sudden dreams each night I greet
The host of friends that in my heart I bear;
I chat in paradox with Baudelaire,
I talk with Gautier of the obsolete.
My absinthe and de Musset's brandy meet;
And by some special favor here and there,
Now with Elaine and now with Guinever,
I pass the day in some serene retreat.
Heine's malicious eyes have gazed in mine,
And I have sat at Leopardi's feet;
And once I heard the lute-strung songs divine
That Sappho and the Lesbian girls repeat.
But yet, what night have I not sought in vain
To meet with Thoreau in the woods again!

EDGAR EVERTSON SALTUS.

EICHWALD, BOHEMIA, September, 1884.

Special Notice to Subscribers.

IN the confusion caused by the rush of renewals and new subscriptions at the end of the year and volume, mistakes are, almost unavoidable. The publishers of THE CRITIC would therefore esteem it a favor if readers of the paper, whose subscriptions are about to expire, would renew promptly. To every subscriber who will send three dollars in renewal of his subscription *two weeks* before the date of expiration printed on his wrapper, they will send—postage free—a cloth binder, to hold the coming volume of the paper.

The Lounger

THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE was thrown open for the season on Monday night, and I was one of the 5000 persons present to see the opening and hear the singers. It was a splendid show, but as compared with Italian singing it left everything to be desired. The opera was the magnificent Tannhäuser, and it was put upon the stage in a manner that I should think would have satisfied Wagner himself. The singing, however, would hardly have satisfied him. Herr Schott sang the title-rôle, and sang it as badly as it could be sung by a tenor of reputation. One can forgive an occasional false note, but Herr Schott seldom sang otherwise than out of tune—not a quarter or a half, but a whole note; and he sent forth the discordant sound with an air of satisfaction that is peculiar to German tenors. Fräuleins Kraus and Slach, not to be outdone in this particular by Herr Schott, sang almost as badly out of tune as he. German audiences may like this sort of thing, but I don't believe American audiences do. They have heard too much good Italian singing to relish it, and I don't believe the music of Dr. Damrosch's fine orchestra can make the public forget the untuneful voices of the three singers I have named. The baritone—Herr Robinson—was the only one who had an agreeable voice or who sang in tune on Monday night. His singing was a well-spring in the desert.

If the rich and great, as it is said, only go to the opera to exhibit their fine clothes and hear themselves talk, they may find the Metropolitan Opera House the best place for their purpose. Mr. Lathrop's new decorations are all that could be desired for a background; and they would feel fewer compunctious visitings in talking against the songs of these German singers than against the songs of Patti.

THE WORK that most interests me in the Academy Exhibition now open is a marble group which stands on the landing-place of the main stairway. It represents a Hebrew woman flying with her first-born from the pursuit of Herod's soldiers. I am not so much interested in the statue, however, as I am in the sculptor who made it—a young man, August Zeller by name, who hails from the lower half of the neighboring State of Jersey. His father—a German by birth—is the Postmaster of the little hamlet of Fieldsborough (White Hill, it used to be called), adjoining the much larger village of Bordentown, and the Post-Office of the place is located in a grocery-store which provides the family with a humble living. Until recently the chief attraction of this corner-grocery was the daily delivery of the mail; but for the past two years the interest of the villagers and of the country people round about has centred mainly in another part of the premises. The gateway leading into the back yard has swung open oftener of late than the front door of the store and dwelling; for, in a rude shed in rear of the family kitchen, young Zeller has been hammering and chipping away at the block of marble which held the two human figures now on exhibition at the Academy of Design. Even at night he refused to be separated from the object in which his whole being was engrossed, sleeping alongside of it in a hammock constructed by his own hands from the unpainted staves of a barrel.

AT FIRST the statue was designed as a tombstone for his mother's grave, but when finished, a little more than a month ago, it was seen to be too delicate in workmanship to stand exposure to rough weather and vandal hands, and so was taken in a truck to Philadelphia and brought thence by water to New York under the jealous guardianship of the sculptor himself, who spent two whole days in packing it, and had hard work to prevent the deck-hands from rolling it about like a barrel of

greening apples. Young Zeller is now twenty-one. Two years ago—at the age of nineteen—he put the finishing touches to the principal figures in the colossal groups on the Municipal Buildings and the Post-Office at Philadelphia. He was, at that time, employed in Struthers' marble-yard in the Quaker City. He is not wholly untaught, but he has never had adequate instruction. Some of the best sculptors in New York have seen his work and believe that it shows great promise. What he needs now is a course of study abroad. If I were a millionaire, I should see that he got it. But, unfortunately, I am not.

The Fall Exhibition at the Academy.

We are happy to disagree with those who express the opinion that this is the very worst exhibition that the Academy of Design has ever held. We remember distinctly some Academy exhibitions for which nothing at all could be said in the way of praise. It is true that there is nothing here that even pretends to any importance. There are no very big pictures, and no very ambitious attempts. And there is a very considerable percentage of trash. But the Academy, in throwing open its doors to all comers, has let in, consciously or not, a good deal that shows on the part of its producers honest effort, clear perceptions (if not ideas), and a laudable desire to get the better of a paint-brush and some tubes of pigment. It is safe to predict that some of the young men here represented will, if they are not turned from the straight road which they are now travelling, arrive before very long at success. Here is Mr. H. R. Poore, for example, whose two works, at the top of the staircase in the corridor, are full of assured promise. Here is Mr. Neil Mitchell, also in the corridor, whose picture of shipping is a very respectable performance as it stands. Here is, at the head of the first flight of steps, Mr. August Zeller's group in marble of a mother and child, representing 'The Slaughter of the Innocents'—a work which, with faults inseparable from unsophisticated youth, displays true feeling, unwearying industry, and a serious aim. And—so true is it that when a man makes his meaning perceptible, even if only to a few, he must already have considerable technical skill—the head and raised arm of the principal figure in this group might do credit to more than one sculptor of national reputation. Yet the artist we are assured, is almost untaught. Let no one say, therefore, that the change of policy at the Academy, begun last year, is not likely to produce good fruit. A cockney or an idiot does not distinguish the first swelling of the buds. But let the managers of the Academy go ahead. They have only to bestir themselves a little to get the best pictures of the new men—some of whom have already achieved a reputation abroad, and must be besought to send their paintings—to make their walls flourish as never before. For, though this exhibition is not so encouraging as the last, it will never do to let the matter drop now. It is life or death for the Academy.

In the inner rooms, the observer will be pleased to find many notes of progress. Mr. C. Y. Turner's two pictures show a great advance on his contributions of last year. The clever Morans more than hold their own. Mr. Sontag, one of the older men, has gained decidedly in breadth and freshness. Mr. Blakeman, whose richly-toned landscapes have for some time puzzled the color-blind, has made equal gains in form and in atmospheric effect. Mr. J. F. Murphy puts into his work more of real art and more of nature. The only serious falling-off that we notice is in the case of Mr. F. S. Church. That gentleman seems to have utterly ruined himself as an artist in trying to meet an idiotic popular demand for mermaids and such. He has better stuff in him than his work for years past would lead one to suppose. He should bring it out, before too late. Mr. Carl Hirschberg's picture of a young fisherman painting his sweetheart's name upon his boat while she looks on has many excellent qualities. And Mr. F. X. Hasson, in his picture of a New York tenement-house yard with Italian washerwomen at work, has shown that he knows where to find here at home

a subject rich in color and in the picturesque, though perhaps not very pleasant to paint from. All things considered, it should not be held to be an unsatisfactory exhibition.

The Excavations at Zoan.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC :

Mr. James Russell Lowell has been elected a Vice-President of the Egypt Exploration Fund, and Rev. William C. Winslow, of Boston, Honorary Treasurer for America. Mr. Lowell made one of his characteristically bright and cordial speeches at the annual meeting held in the Royal Institution, London, where a large and brilliant audience listened to the eminent speakers, and to Mr. Petrie's interesting description of last spring's excavations at Zoan, which have so largely attracted the attention of the public. The book 'Pithom,' in proof,—M. Naville's memoir of his identification of that store-city mentioned in Exodus I.—was laid on the table, and will be shortly mailed to American subscribers for the excavations at Zoan. M. Naville is to search for Raameses, the other store-city, and M. Petrie to make Zoan his chief objective point, this season. Some \$8000 will be required. The reports of this season—1884-5—will be rich and interesting. All subscribers are entitled to the reports and documents of the Fund and its explorations. Of the American contributors, at least one hundred of them are representative men in Church and State, in poetry (Holmes and Lowell), in science and Biblical learning. Mr. Winslow confidently appeals to the public to aid in the prosecution of this great historical, Biblical and archaeological undertaking, which eminent scholars and leading journals in England and the United States have heartily commended, and which must lead to results invaluable to the history of remote antiquity and to Biblical knowledge. The names of donors appear in several journals, and one of the secretaries of the Fund forwards an official receipt to each subscriber for the amount given. Mr. Winslow (429 Beacon Street, Boston) will be glad to answer inquiries. Any one not familiar with Zoan in the Delta (San Tanis) will find accounts of it in Smith, Kitto, McClintock, or any other standard Biblical dictionary of the day, or in the leading works on Egypt. It was the great northern capital of the Pharaohs, owing much of its splendor to Rameses II. (the oppressor of the Israelites), who restored and built here upon a scale of extraordinary magnificence.

SAN TANIS.

The Late Paul Lacroix.

IT WAS the late Paul Lacroix, and no other, who inspired Asselineau's definition of a man-of-letters—'One who instructs himself for the benefit of all.' For Lacroix was preëminently lettered, well versed in the lore of literature, and well able to impart the knowledge that he had acquired with the patience of a Benedictine monk. He might have been a great critic, but he preferred to be, not only a critic, but a playwright, an historian, a poet; and if he did not attain excellence in every department of literature, his work is at all times the work of a man-of-letters, of whom others ask 'What is he?' and 'What is his use?' Now, a poet and a novelist may be ignorant, a playwright illiterate, an historian ungrammatical—but the work of a man-of-letters will always bear the impress of his learning and something akin to that 'parfum de bonne compagnie' which does not evaporate. Lacroix had published at sixteen an edition of Clement Marot (5 vols. 1823-5) which subsequent editors have not rendered useless. It was in France the age of precocious talent. Hugo, then twenty-three, was a fixed star in a constellation of great men. Lacroix wrote comedies in verse for the Odeon. When the historical novels of Walter Scott came into vogue in France, he wrote a series of historical novels, a collection of which in Guilbert de Pixérécourt's library catalogue (1838) numbered fifty

volumes. At that time he was judged a greater novelist than Balzac. His revelations of by-gone manners and customs were lauded to the skies; for, disdaining to follow in the wake of Scudéry, of Sandras de Courtitz, of Mlle. de La Force, of Mlle. de Lussan, he had written after the text of Froissart, of Rabelais, of Fleurance, and of Brantome, with the inspiration of an artist. He wrote also some philosophical or moral novels, prized at present as indications of the controversial spirit of the time when an opinion of Thales Miletus and a decision of Origen on the sins of unchastity and lying, with the comments thereon of the great Montaigne, were the talk of the day. In 'Vertu et Temperament' (1832) Lacroix had attempted to prove that virtue is only a question of temperament. I have the original edition, printed on yellow paper—a presentation copy to the bibliophile Auguste Aubry, with an autograph letter from the author saying: 'I send you a book that has no other merit but that of being unique in the world in its color.' As a criticism of the novel it is true to the letter; as a literary production the book is undoubtedly valuable. It is not to his novels, however, that Lacroix owes his place in the literature of France. He wrote with Henri Martin a history of the city of Soissons; he continued Anguétel's History of France; he compiled a history of the reign of Nicholas I. of Russia, and his 'Moyen Age et la Renaissance,' (1847-52) written with Ferdinand Séré, would have sufficed to make him famous. Especially interesting are his dissertations on the curiosities of French history and literature, notably on the Man with the Iron Mask, who, he says, with more show of reason than has been displayed by any other theorist, was the Surintendant Fouquet. He became a bibliophile by the anti-bibliomaniac rule of Sylvestre de Sacy, 'It is by the love of letters that one must arrive at the love of books,' and he has proved the rule. He discovered Cyrano de Bergerac under the dust of two centuries; rehabilitated Restif de la Bretonne, 'the French Richardson' of Lavater, whom the Revolution had buried with his thousand novels; revealed much that was unknown of Corneille and of Molière; made of bibliography an art, and of the love of books the most excusable of passions. 'Ci-git Lacroix, qui ne fût rien'—only a man-of-letters.

HENRI PÈNE DU BOIS.

Goethe.*

[Prof. J. R. Seeley, in *The Contemporary Review*.]

III.

THE highest rank in literature belongs to those who combine the properly poetical with philosophical qualities, and crown both with a certain robust sincerity and common sense. The sovereign poet must be not merely a singer, but also a sage; to passion and music he must add large ideas; he must extend in width as well as in height; but, besides this, he must be no dreamer or fanatic, and must be rooted as firmly in the hard earth as he spreads widely and mounts freely toward the sky. Goethe, as we have described him, satisfies these conditions, and as much can be said of no other men of the modern world but Dante and Shakspeare.

Of this trio each is complete in all the three dimensions. Each feels deeply, each knows and sees clearly, and each has a stout grasp of reality. This completeness is what gives them their universal fame, and makes them interesting in all times and places. Each, however, is less complete in some directions than in others. Dante, though no fanatic, yet is less rational than so great a man should have been. Shakspeare wants academic knowledge. Goethe, too, has his defects, but this is rather the place for dwelling on his peculiar merits. In respect of influence upon the world, he has for the present the advantage of being the latest, and therefore the least obsolete and exhausted, of the three. But he is also essentially much more of a teacher than his two predecessors. Alone among them he has a system, a theory of life, which he has thought and worked out for himself.

From Shakspeare, no doubt, the world may learn, and has learnt, much, yet he professed so little to be a teacher, that he has often been represented as almost without personality, as a

mere undisturbed mirror, in which all Nature reflects itself. Something like a century passed before it was perceived that his works deserved to be in a serious sense studied. Dante was to his countrymen a great example and source of inspiration, but hardly, perhaps, a great teacher. On the other hand, Goethe was first to his own nation, and has since been to the whole world, what he describes his own Chiron—the noble pedagogue,* a teacher and wise counsellor on all the most important subjects. To students in almost every department of literature and art, to unsettled spirits needing advice for the conduct of life, to the age itself in a great transition, he offers his word of weighty counsel, and is an acknowledged authority on a greater number of subjects than any other man. It is the great point of distinction between him and Shakspeare, that he is so seriously didactic. Like Shakspeare myriad-minded, he has nothing of that ironic indifference, that irresponsibility, which has been often attributed to Shakspeare. He is, indeed, strangely indifferent on many points, which other teachers count important; but the lessons which he himself considers important, he teaches over and over again with all the seriousness of one who is a teacher by vocation. And, as I have said, when we look at his teaching as a whole, we find that it has unity, that, taken together, it makes a system, not indeed in the academic sense, but in the sense that a great principle or view of life is the root from which all the special precepts proceed. This has, indeed, been questioned. Friedrich Schlegel made it a complaint against Goethe, that he had 'no centre'; but a centre he has; only the variety of his subjects and styles is so great, and he abandons himself to each in turn so completely, that in his works, as in Nature itself, the unity is much less obvious than the multiplicity. Now that we have formed some estimate of the magnitude of his influence, and have also distinguished the stages by which his genius was developed, and his influence in Germany and the world diffused, it remains to examine his genius itself, the peculiar way of thinking, and the fundamental ideas through which he influenced the whole world.

Never, perhaps, was a more unfortunate formula invented than when, at a moment of reaction against his ascendancy, it occurred to some one to assert that Goethe had talent but not genius. No doubt the talent is there; perhaps no work in literature exhibits a mastery of so many literary styles as 'Faust.' From the sublime lyric of the prologue, which astonished Shelley, we pass through scenes in which the problems of human character are dealt with, scenes in which the supernatural is brought surprisingly near to real life, scenes of humble life startlingly vivid, grotesque scenes of devilry, scenes of overwhelming pathos; then, in the second part, we find an incomparable revival of the Greek drama, and, at the close, a Dantesque vision of the Christian heaven. Such versatility in a single work is unrivalled; and the versatility of which Goethe's writings, as a whole, gives evidence is much greater still. But to represent him, on this account, as a sort of mocking-bird, or ready imitator, is not merely unjust. Even if we give this representation a flattering turn, and describe him as a being almost superior to humanity, capable of entering fully into all that men think and feel, but holding himself independent of it all, such a being as is described (where, I suppose, Goethe is pointed at) in the Palace of Art, again, I say, it is not merely unjust. Not merely Goethe was not such a being, but we may express it more strongly and say: such a being is precisely what Goethe was not. He had, no doubt, a great power of entering into foreign literatures; he was, no doubt, indifferent to many controversies which in England, when we began to read him, still raged hotly. But these were characteristic qualities, not of Goethe personally, but of Germany in the age of Goethe. A sort of cosmopolitan characterlessness marked the nation, so that Lessing could say in Goethe's youth that the character of the Germans was to have no character. Goethe could not but share in the infirmity, but his peculiarity was that from the beginning he felt it as an infirmity, and struggled to overcome it. That unbounded tolerance, that readiness to allow everything and appreciate every one, which was so marked in the Germans of that time that it is clearly perceptible in their political history, and contributed to their humiliation by Napoleon, is just what is satirized in the delineation of Wilhelm Meister. Jarno says to Wilhelm, 'I am glad to see you out of temper; it would be better still if you could be for once thoroughly angry.' This sentiment was often in Goethe's mouth; so far was he from priding himself upon serene universal impartiality. Crabbe Robinson heard him say what an annoyance he felt it to appreciate everything equally and to be able to hate nothing. He flattered himself at that time that he

*Continued from November 8. To be continued.

*Der grosse Mann, der edle Pedagog.
Der, sich zum Ruhm, ein Heldenvolk erzogen.

had a real aversion. 'I hate,' he said, 'everything Oriental' ('Eigentlich hasse ich alles Orientalische'). He goes further in the 'West-östlicher Divan,' where, in enumerating the qualities a poet ought to have, he lays it down as indispensable that he should hate many things ('Dann zuletzt ist unerlässlich dass der Dichter *manches hasse*'). True, no doubt, that he found it difficult to hate. An infinite good nature was born in him, and, besides this, he grew up in a society in which all established opinions had been shaken, so that for a rational man it was really difficult to determine what deserved hatred or love. What is wholly untrue in that view of him, which was so fashionable forty years ago—'I sit apart holding no form of creed, but contemplating all'—is that this tolerance was the intentional result of cold pride or self-sufficiency. He does not seem to me to have been either proud or unsympathetic, and among the many things of which he might boast, certainly he would not have included a want of definite opinions—he, who was never tired of rebuking the Germans for their vagueness, and who admired young Englishmen expressly because they seemed to know their own minds, even when they had little mind to know. Distinctness, character, is what he admires, what through life he struggles for, what he and Schiller alike chide the Germans for wanting. But he cannot attain it by a short cut. Narrowness is impossible to him, not only because his mind is large, but because the German public in their good-natured tolerance have made themselves familiar with such a vast variety of ideas. He cannot be a John Bull, however much he may admire John Bull, because he does not live in an island. To have distinct views he must make a resolute act of choice, since all ideas have been laid before him, all are familiar to the society in which he lives. This perplexity, this difficulty of choosing what was good out of such a heap of opinions, he often expresses: 'The people to be sure are not accustomed to what is best, but then they are so terribly well-read!'^{*} But it is just the struggle he makes for distinctness that is admirable in him. The breadth, the tolerance, he has in common with his German contemporaries; what he has to himself is the resolute determination to arrive at clearness.

Nevertheless, he may seem indifferent even to those whose minds are less contracted than was the English mind half a century ago, for this reason, that his aim, though not less serious than that of others, is not quite the same. He seldom takes a side in the controversies of the time. You do not find him weighing the claims of Protestantism and Catholicism, nor following with eager interest the dispute between orthodoxy and rationalism. Again, when all intellectual Germany is divided between the new philosophy of Kant and the old system, and later, when varieties show themselves in the new philosophy, when Fichte and Schelling succeed to the vogue of Kant, Goethe remains undisturbed by all these changes of opinion. He is almost as little affected by political controversy. The French Revolution irritates him, but not so much because it is opposed to his convictions as because it creates disturbance. Even the War of Liberation cannot rouse him. Was he not then a quietist? Did he not hold himself aloof, whether in a proud feeling of superiority or in mere Epicurean indifference, from all the interests and passions of humanity? If this were the case, or nearly the case, Goethe would have no claim to rank in the first class of literature. He might pass for a prodigy of literary expertness and versatility, but he would attract no lasting interest. Such quietism in a man upon whom the eyes of a whole nation were bent, could never be compared to the quietism of Shakespeare, who belonged to the uninfluential classes, and to whom no one looked for guidance.

But in truth the quietism of Goethe was the effect not of indifference or of selfishness, but of preoccupation. He had prescribed to himself in early life a task, and he declined to be drawn aside from it by the controversies of the time. It was a task worthy of the powers of the greatest man; it appeared to him, when he devoted himself to it, more useful and necessary than the special undertakings of the theologian or philosopher. At the outset he might fairly claim to be the only earnest man in Germany, and might regard the partisans alike of Church and University as triflers in comparison with himself. The French Revolution changed the appearance of things. He could not deny that the political questions opened by that convulsion were of the greatest importance. But he was now forty years old, and the work of his life had begun so early, had been planned with so much care and prosecuted with so much method, that he was less able than many men might have been to make a new begin-

ning at forty. Hence he was merely disturbed by the change which inspired so many others, and to the end of his life continued to look back upon the twenty odd years between the Seven Years' War and the Revolution as a golden time, as in a peculiar sense his own time.^{*} The new events disturbed him in his habits without actually forcing him to form new habits; he found himself able, though with less comfort, to lead the same sort of life as before; and so he passed into the Napoleonic period and arrived in time at the year of liberation, 1813. Then, indeed, his quietism became shocking, and he felt it so himself; but it was now really too late to abandon a road on which he had travelled so long, and which he had honestly selected as the best.

What, then, was this task to which Goethe had so early devoted himself, and which seemed to him too important to be postponed even to the exigencies of the Revolutionary and Napoleonic periods? It was that task about which, since Goethe's time, so much has been said—self-culture. 'From my boyhood,' says Wilhelm, speaking evidently for Goethe himself, 'it has been my wish and purpose to develop completely all that is in me.' Elsewhere he says, 'to make my own existence harmonious.' Here is the refined form of selfishness of which Goethe has been so often accused. And undoubtedly the phrase is one which will bear a selfish interpretation, just as a Christian may be selfish when he devotes himself to the salvation of his soul. But in the one case, as in the other, it is before all things evident that the task undertaken is very serious, and that the man who undertakes it must be of a very serious disposition. When, as in Goethe's case, it is self-planned and self-imposed, such an undertaking is comparable to those great practical experiments in the conduct of life which were made by the early Greek philosophers. Right or wrong, such an experiment can only be imagined by an original man, and can only be carried into effect by a man of very steadfast will. But we may add that it is no more necessary to give a selfish interpretation to this formula, than to the other formulæ by which philosophers have tried to describe the object of a moral life. A harmonious existence does not necessarily mean an existence passed in selfish enjoyment. Nor is the pursuit of it necessarily selfish, since the best way to procure a harmonious existence for others is to find out by an experiment practised on oneself in what a harmonious existence consists, and by what methods it may be attained. For the present, at least, let us content ourselves with remarking that Goethe, who knew his own mind as well as most people, considered himself to carry disinterestedness almost to an extreme. What especially struck him in Spinoza, he says, was the boundless unselfishness that shone out of such sentences as this: 'He who loves God must not require that God should love him again.' 'For,' he continues, 'to be unselfish in everything, especially in love and friendship, was my highest pleasure, my maxim, my discipline, so that that petulant sentence written later, "If I love you, what does that matter to you?" came from my very heart.'

However this may be, when a man, so richly gifted otherwise, displays the rarest of all manly qualities—viz., the power and persistent will to make his life systematic, and place all his action under the control of a principle freely and freshly conceived, he rises at once into the highest class of men. It is the strenuous energy with which Goethe enters into the battle of life, and fights there for a victory into which others may enter, that makes him great, that makes him the teacher of these later ages, and not some loppish pretension of being above it all, of seeing through it and despising it. But just because he conceived the problem in his own manner, and not precisely as it is conceived by the recognized authorities on the conduct of life, he could take little interest in the controversies which those authorities held among themselves, and therefore passed for indifferent to the problem itself. He did not admit that the question was to form an opinion as to the conditions of the life after death, though he himself hoped for such a future life, for he wanted rather rightly to understand and to deal with the present life; nor did he want what is called in the schools a philosophy, remarking probably that the most approved professors of philosophy lived after all much in the same way as other people. It seemed to him that he was more earnest than either the theologians or the philosophers, just because he disregarded their disputes and grappled directly with the question which they under various pretexts evaded—how to make existence satisfactory.

He grasps it in the rough uncereemonious manner of one who means business, and also in the manner which Rousseau had

^{*} 'Zwar sind sie an das Beste nicht gewöhnt, Allein sie haben schrecklich viel gelesen.'

^{*} 'Zwanzig Jahre liess ich gehn Und genoss was mir beschieden; Eine Reihe völlig schön Wie die Zeit der Barmhertigen.'—*West. Div.*

made fashionable. We have desires given us by God or Nature, convertible terms to him; these desires are meant to receive satisfaction, for the world is not a stupid place, and the Maker of the world is not stupid. This notion that human life is not a stupid affair, and that the fault must be ours if it seems so, that for everything wrong there must be a remedy,* is a sort of fundamental axiom with him, as it is with most moral reformers. Even when he has death before his mind, he still protests. "He is no more!" Ridiculous! Why "no more?" "It is all over." What can be the meaning of that? Then it might as well never have existed. Give me rather an eternal void.† And this way of thinking brings him at once, or so he thinks, into direct conflict with the reigning system of morality, which is founded not on the satisfaction, but on the mortification of desire. He declares war against the doctrine of self-denial or abstinence. 'Abstain, abstain!—that is the eternal song that rings in every ear. In the morning I awake in horror, and am tempted to shed bitter tears at the sight of the day, which in its course will not gratify one wish, not one single wish.' So speaks Faust, and Goethe ratifies it in his own person, when he complains that 'we are not allowed to develop what we have in us, and are denied what is necessary to supply our deficiencies; robbed of what we have won by labor or have been allowed us by kindness, and find ourselves compelled, before we can form a clear opinion about it, to give up our personality, at first in instalments, but at last completely; also that we are expected to make a more delighted face over the cup the more bitter it tastes, lest the unconcerned spectator should be affronted by anything like a grimace.' He adds that this system is grounded on the maxim that 'All is vanity,' a maxim which characteristically he pronounces false and blasphemous. That 'all is not vanity' is indeed almost the substance of Goethe's philosophy. 'His faith,' so he tells the Houri who, at the gate of Paradise, requires him to prove his orthodoxy, 'has always been that the world, whichever way it rolls, is a thing to love, a thing to be thankful for.'‡

The Johnson Centenary and the *Times*.

[From *The Saturday Review*.]

THE world is a good deal wiser than we had thought. The Mayor of Lichfield has weighed it in the balance and not found it wanting in sense. He has kept up, moreover, the high reputation of his fellow-citizens. 'We are a city of philosophers,' said Johnson of his native town. If his worship has not altogether proved that he is a philosopher, at all events he has shown that he is by no means wanting in common sense. There was some kind of a demand, it seems, that the hundredth anniversary of Johnson's death should be kept, and kept at his birthplace. The Mayor was willing to do all that a Mayor can, and he had the support of his brother aldermen. But if 'robes and furred gowns hide all,' they cannot do everything. They form no doubt what is called an important feature in a centenary, but they are only a feature. Centenaries cannot be celebrated for nothing. Cheap honor is worthless. Lichfield thinks that she has done her part in giving birth to Johnson. It was for others to flock together with their offerings to her market-place where his house still stands. If they liked to honor him by blessing her with a public library, a wing to the hospital, or even a fountain, she would graciously accept the guardianship of the gift. But serious citizens, 'the most sober, decent people in England, the gentlest in proportion to their wealth'—we are again quoting Johnson—were not likely recklessly to run into an outlay unless they were sure that there were funds to meet it. The Mayor therefore, by a circular, took the opinion of the public. Those who wished that the centenary should be celebrated were invited to send their suggestions and—their subscriptions. Twenty-one correspondents in all—excluding six 'who communicated with the Mayor from a trading point of view'—have sent in a favorable reply; but 'their offers of pecuniary assistance were,' we are told, 'trivial.' We should be curious, by the way, to know how many of the twenty-one were poets, and how many odes they offered. The celebration, of course, has dropped through; and Johnson's ghost will not be vexed by a troop of busybodies who, under the pretence of doing honor to him, would be in reality seeking importance for themselves. He had, indeed, set an example which those who have any care for his memory could not but follow. He had steadily refused to take any part in the ridiculous Shakespeare Jubilee, in which Boswell, to his great satisfaction, and no doubt in entire forgetfulness of Shak-

speare, strutted about in the dress of a Corsican chief, wearing a cap on the front of which was embroidered in golden letters 'Viva la Libertà.' The Mayor and Aldermen of Lichfield may well sigh when they hear of the success of that famous festival. So pleased with it were the Stratford Committee that two years later they asked Garrick 'to join them in celebrating a Jubilee every year as the most likely method to promote the interest and the reputation of their town.' Boswell caught at this proposal eagerly, and wrote to the great actor: 'I please myself with the prospect of attending you at several more Jubilees at Stratford-upon-Avon.'

If, as has been said, the greatest honor that can be done to an author is to quote him, then perhaps the best preparation for celebrating his centenary is to begin to read his works and his *Life*. Johnson's writings are but little known; and now the *Times*, in a leading article on the Mayor's letter, has said: 'We might even hint that "Boswell's Life" is less studied than it ought to be.' Most certainly it is less studied than it ought to be; but the writer might very well spare his hints. We shall next expect to find some condemned murderer, just before he is turned off, venturing to hint that the Sixth Commandment is less rigorously kept than it ought to be. Once Johnson, when asked why he did not set some conceited young fellow right, replied that he was afraid to show him the depths of his ignorance. This fear shall not touch us. We shall not be afraid of showing the author of this leading article that he knows nothing of the subject with which he pretends to be so familiar. What, for instance, can be grosser in a professed Boswellian than the ignorance that this hint shows of Johnson's connection with Lichfield?

Samuel [he writes] very early left his birthplace, shaking the dust off his shoes as he went, for he had not met with much kindness from his fellow-citizens. He would not even consent to be married in Lichfield, but took his elderly bride, the widow Porter, to Birmingham for this purpose. He did reappear two or three times at the home of his childhood, and on one occasion, as is well known, stood bareheaded in the market-place for an hour to atone for insulting words which he had there used to his father when a boy.

Let our readers first notice the condescending familiarity with which the writer speaks of Johnson as Samuel. In some experience of biographies, we have noticed that this patronizing use of the Christian name is almost as certain a sign of ignorance as it is of conceit. The present case assuredly is not an exception to the rule; for, in truth, it would be hard to find a dozen lines in which more errors are crowded than are to be found in this luckless passage. So far was Johnson from leaving his birthplace very early that he was full twenty-eight years old when he finally left it. The dust he did not shake off his shoes, for from his fellow-citizens he had met with much kindness. Boswell says that 'Johnson [not Samuel] was so far fortunate that the respectable character of his parents and his own merit had from his earliest years secured him a kind reception in the best families at Lichfield.' As for his marriage, there was never, so far as is known, any question of its being performed in his native town. Mrs. Porter lived at Birmingham, and in Birmingham, therefore, he should have been married. But for some reason which was unknown to Boswell the ceremony took place at Derby. He not only reappeared at Lichfield two or three times after his marriage, but he lived with his wife in its neighborhood for about a year and a half. He then left it for London, but he soon returned, and stayed in it three months more. In the long years of poverty that he afterward had to face, he certainly did not visit his birthplace; but in those days, if we measure distances by the duration of the journey, Lichfield was as far from London as Marseilles is now. Nevertheless in his enforced absence he did what he could. In his Dictionary, under the article *Lich*, he thus hailed 'with reverence' the city which had given him birth: 'Lichfield, the field of the dead, a city in Staffordshire, so named from martyred Christians. *Salve magna parens*.' After his pension had made him easy in money matters he visited it at least a dozen times. Once he took Boswell with him, who says that his great friend ever retained for it a warm affection. Johnson, humorously describing this visit to Wilkes, said:—'I lately showed Boswell genuine civilized life in an English provincial town. I turned him loose at Lichfield, my native city, that he might see for once real civility; for you know he lives among savages in Scotland, and among rakes in London.' He boasted that there the purest English was spoken in all England. In his Letters to Mrs. Thrale he pleasantly describes the changes that the town had seen. 'I am not,' he writes, 'wholly unaffected by the revolutions of Sadler Street [at the corner of which stood his own house]; nor can I forbear to mourn a little when old names vanish away, and new come into their place.' On his

* 'Sicherlich es muss das Beste irgendwo zu finden sein.'

† 'Dass die Welt, wie sie auch kreise, Liebevoll und dankbar sei.'

death-bed he did not forget the old city. 'He meditated a devise of his house to the Corporation,' but the statute of mortmain stood in the way. If the writer in the *Times* thus passes over the visits which Johnson did pay, he assigns to him one which he did not pay. It was not in the market-place of Lichfield, but of Uttoxeter, as every one, we should have thought, knew, that the old man stood bareheaded in the rain. How long he stood we are not told. The writer says an hour. Neither had he used, as we read in the article, insulting words to his father. He had merely been disobedient. 'I refused,' he said, 'to attend my father to Uttoxeter market.' Neither are we told that this happened when he was a boy. It is much more likely that he was at the time a young man, and too old for the rod.

In another passage the writer says that 'Johnson had not even scholarship as it was understood in those days.' His Dictionary shows that he was no etymologist, and he had in fact very little taste for language. Yet one of the greatest scholars of last century, Dr. Parr, writing after Johnson's death, says:—'Upon his correct and profound knowledge of the Latin language I have always spoken with unusual zeal and unusual confidence.' That he was no etymologist is true; but in etymology he was at least equal to his contemporaries. The very foundations of the science had not in his time been laid. But to say that he had very little taste for language—unless by language the writer means etymology—is ridiculous in the extreme. In language from his youth up his constant practice had lain, and in language his chief excellency and his strength were displayed. As a writer his style has, no doubt, great faults, but it has also great merits. Whatever it was, it was the child of taste—perhaps not a very correct taste—and the result of hard work and constant practice. As a talker his style was unsurpassed. 'His conversational aptitudes,' continues the writer, 'were wholly undiscernible to those who saw him for the first time.' If he means that till he had spoken his powers as a talker were not discovered, this is as true as it is a truism. But if he means that these powers were only discovered by those who had met him more than once, the statement is absurd. When he went to college we are told that in the common-room the first evening 'his figure and manner appeared strange to the company, but he behaved modestly, and sat silent, till upon something which occurred in the course of conversation he suddenly struck in and quoted Macrobius, and then he gave the first impression of that more extensive reading in which he had indulged himself.' So it was throughout his life. He had but to open his mouth, and his vigor of mind and his vast knowledge were at once discovered. The account that is given in the article of his quarrel with Chesterfield is misleading enough. The writer seems to think that he first quarrelled, that next the Dictionary appeared, and that thereupon Chesterfield wrote the papers in which he proposed that Johnson 'should be invested with a dictatorship in the world of letters.' Now there was no quarrel till after these papers were written, and they appeared more than four months before the Dictionary was published.

Had we more space at our disposal, we would thoroughly expose the writer's utter ignorance of Johnson's general character. He knows him through Macaulay's article in the *Edinburgh Review*, than which Hogarth himself never drew a grosser, and we will venture to add, a coarser, caricature. If, instead of giving advice, he will set an example, and begin by studying Boswell's Life as much as it ought to be, he will find that Johnson was a man very unlike the half-mad, brooding, ferocious, sullen fellow, almost bestial in his manners and appetites, that he has described for the readers of the *Times*. If we are to celebrate the centenary, let us begin by destroying the grotesque figure which Macaulay set up some fifty years ago, and belabored almost as ferociously as he belabored both Boswell and Boswell's editor, Mr. Croker. Let the good people of Lichfield at the same time, without seeking for any help from abroad, repair a shameful act of which their forefathers were guilty. Johnson, a few days before his death, composed epitaphs for his father, his mother, and his younger brother. He was anxious that their bodies should be protected by a stone, and that the stone should be 'deep, massy, and hard.' Do not, he said, 'let the difference of ten pounds or more defeat our purpose.' The stone was placed, and gave its protection, and displayed Johnson's fine Latin inscription, for just twelve years. The church was then new paved, the stone was removed, and, strange and shameful to say, is nowhere to be found. His last piece of composition was these epitaphs, and his last letters were about them. If they cannot be recovered, they can at least be carved afresh. That this be done, and done quickly, surely greatly concerns the honor of the citizens of Lichfield.

Current Criticism

IRVING AND TERRY IN 'TWELFTH NIGHT':—As Malvolio Mr. Irving appears in a most fantastic livery. His head is the head of Don Quixote; his body is cased in black satin, with stripes of gold. He has diamonds in his ears and a seal of office suspended round his neck. And his conception of the part is as fantastical as his habit. His Malvolio is not so blindly self-conceited as theatrical custom made him; he is a man of parts and breeding, just sufficiently impressed with his importance to make his voice inflated and his gait ridiculous. Mr. Irving reads the part with consummate intelligence, making a study of every line, and if the impersonation is not very unctuous, it is probably quite as close to Shakspeare's conception as any which have preceded it. Miss Terry as Viola was charming in a tunic of cream colored satin. Her little blue cap sat jauntily on her golden curls and she bore herself right manfully as a boy. Seeing her one would be apt to think of Haidee and the heroines of Byron masquerading in male attire. For the tenderness of the part, her eyes expressed it whenever they fell on the Duke. For the humor of the part, her duel with Sir Andrew was full of it. She has parts more exacting, more pathetic and even more merry. She has none that serves better to reveal her personal fascination.—*The New York Herald*.

THE CARLYLE-EMERSON CORRESPONDENCE:—It is to be regretted that Mr. Froude has not given more particulars regarding this friendly service of Emerson and Carlyle's grateful acknowledgment of it. I presume that the demands on his space reluctantly compelled him to confine himself to the bare mention of the facts. The 'Carlyle-Emerson Correspondence,' published last year, edited by Prof. Norton of Harvard University, gives a curious and most interesting insight into Emerson's friendly doings—his shrewd dealings with the publishers; his plans to defeat the 'piratical' reprinters; the carefully pondered accounts, which often sorely puzzled him; the arrival of the remittances in England, and the other details of this kindly helpful business, which within a few years was the means of bringing in seven or eight hundred pounds to keep the Chelsea pot boiling. . . . But without reference to the letters of Carlyle it is impossible to realize the value he set upon Emerson's friendship and correspondence, which he regarded as one of the blessings of his life, and a comfort to him often in his deepest dejections. No extracts from these letters are given in Mr. Froude's volumes, but the student of Carlyle's life and character must go to the correspondence I have referred to if he wishes to know anything of the love and admiration which they entertained for each other.—*Alexander Ireland, in The Athenaeum*.

MISS FAITHFULL ON AMERICA:—Miss Faithfull often genuinely admires what she sees, but seldom reaches the point of being 'enthused' by it. Perhaps the final impression left by her book is that woman's disabilities are not on the whole very different on the opposite sides of the Atlantic. There, as here, are underpaid governesses (p. 76), starving needlewomen, and outcast poor (p. 299), and prejudice and opposition are encountered by schemes for co-education and for female suffrage; and this when we had thought of America as at any rate an ideal place for women—a paradise—and one in which Eve was not always politely given the precedence in temptation and blame, but took turns fairly with Adam on all occasions. All this is very sad; and not less so is the confession that in New York, in the best set (that there should be a 'best set'!), the young ladies now consider it etiquette not to go out without chaperons. But, on the other hand, Miss Faithfull has much to say of new departures in female work. She tells us of a prison, 'managed entirely by women, in which the superintendent, chaplain, and physician alike are women, whose wonderful efforts in reclaiming the erring ones under their care have been crowned with signal success'; of a Mrs. Mary S. Miller, who is captain of a steamer, and runs a large boat on the Mississippi; and of a woman switchman (Anglice, pointsman), whom she saw at work at a railroad junction in Georgia, and who had been employed for years in the same way.—*The Pall Mall Gazette*.

Notes

—An *édition de luxe* of Mr. Vedder's 'Rubaiyat' of Omar Khayyam is being prepared by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. It will be limited to 100 copies, the owners of which may count themselves exceptionally fortunate. The illustrations are printed on Japan paper, the sensitive qualities of which enable it to take the impression of the negative with greater perfection than the ordi-

nary paper used for the purpose. Separate designs have been made by Mr. Vedder for pages devoted to the poet, the artist, and the publisher; and others for the title-page, frontispiece, and dedication. Also, a special plate has been prepared for each copy, bearing its proper number and the autograph signature of the artist. Upon the margin of each plate Mr. Vedder has affixed a *remarque* or supplementary design which is a carrying-out of the larger design. Another feature of this edition is the lettering. The text of the entire poem has been printed by Mr. Vedder's pen, which adds greatly to the artistic appearance of the page.

—We take pleasure in announcing that Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will give an exhibition here of Vedder's original drawings for the 'Rubaiyat.' Fine as are the reproductions, the originals are necessarily finer. They have been seen in Boston, where over two thousand persons daily visited the gallery where they were exhibited.

—In noticing Mr. Rolfe's excellent 'Selections from Tennyson' last week, we inadvertently spoke of the volume as being partly made up of brief extracts from the longer poems. Each poem quoted is complete.

—Col. T. W. Higginson is about to sever his connection with *The Woman's Journal*, so named, and become a contributor to *Harper's Bazar*, the women's journal *par excellence*. Col. Higginson will contribute to the columns of the *Bazar* a series of papers on all sorts of topics, under the general heading of 'Women and Men.' The readers of this lively and entertaining periodical are to be congratulated upon their new contributor.

—William Black will begin a new serial in *Harper's Bazar* early next month. It is called 'White Heather.' The scene is laid in the Scottish Highlands, and the principal characters introduced are Americans. Another attraction of the new volume of the *Bazar* will be a series of initial letters designed by Miss Dora Wheeler. They are quite large—four will fill a whole page,—and they are intended for painting rather than embroidery. Miss Wheeler has put some of her best and most original work into these designs.

—H. H. has gone to Los Angeles for the winter. In the milder climate of Southern California she hopes to regain the strength lost in the tedious confinement consequent upon her recent severe fall at Colorado Springs.

—A third edition of the *November Century* is in press. The first edition of the December number will consist of 160,000 copies. General Grant's paper on Shiloh will appear in the February number, with a biographical sketch of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, commander of the Confederate forces at Shiloh, who was killed in that engagement, written by his son, Col. W. P. Johnston. This article includes an account of the battle from the Confederate point of view.

—There is said to be a large demand in London for Edmund Yates's recently issued 'Recollections and Experiences.'

—Joaquin Miller is writing letters to *The Independent* from the New Orleans Exposition.

—Scribner & Welford have ready the 'Characters' of Jean de la Bruyère, newly rendered into English by Henry van Laun and illustrated with 24 etchings. Only 500 copies of this book were printed, 300 for England and 200 for the United States, but owing to a fire at the London publisher's, 150 copies were destroyed. This, however, does not interfere with the edition designed for America.

—Mr. Andrew Lang, whose speciality is folk-lore, has written a volume on 'Custom and Myth' which Harper & Bros. will publish next week. Some of the papers which form this collection have appeared in various serials, but the majority of them were written for their present purpose and are now arranged in a designed order. Mr. Lang has some new theories to propound, which will be read with interest by his brother mythologists.

—Mr. Arthur Gilman has written a new book relating to early American history, entitled 'Tales of the Pathfinders,' which D. Lothrop & Co. have in press. 'The Gray Masque,' a volume of verses by Mary B. Dodge, will also be published by this firm.

—Mr. George J. Coombes sends us his interesting catalogue for November. It contains a large proportion of rare titles, among them a fine copy of the 'Ship of Fools,' 1570; Davinier's illustrations of Robert Macaire—an original edition from the library of Paul St. Victor, with a portrait of Daumier inserted; three rare copies of different editions of 'Le Roman de la Rose'; a Roman missal, printed on vellum; and 'Le François Pastissier,' one of the rarest of Elzevirs.

—Mr. R. L. Stevenson has just finished, in collaboration with Mr. W. E. Henley, a romantic play entitled 'Admiral Guinea.' One of the most effective figures in Mr. Stevenson's 'Treasure Island' reappears in this drama, which will probably be first seen on the stage.

—Under the title of 'The New Portfolio,' Dr. Holmes will contribute a series of papers in his characteristic style to the next volume of *The Atlantic*.

—Scribner & Welford have imported an edition of 'Stops, or How to Punctuate,' noticed in last week's CRITIC. It is also sold by G. H. Buchanan & Co., of Philadelphia.

The Free Parliament

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS.

No. 831.—Is there any book containing tricks and illusions as performed by Hartz, Heller and Hermann?

SOUTH WINDHAM, CONN.

C. L. G.

['Modern Magic,' by Professor Hoffman. New York: George Routledge & Sons. Hoffman has also translated some of Houdin's invaluable works on the subject.]

No. 832.—What is the meaning of the italicized words in the following lines from the last stanza of Andrew Marvell's poem on 'Paradise Lost'?

Well might'st thou scorn thy readers to allure
With tinkling rhyme, of thy own sense secure;
While the *Town-boys* writes all the while and spells,
And, like a pack-horse, tires without his bells:
Their fancies like our *busky points* appear,
The poets tag them, we for fashion wear.

VANDERBILT UNIVERSITY, Nashville, Tenn.

W. M. BASKERVILLE.

No. 833.—1. What has become of *The Continent*? It has failed to come for several weeks. 2. Is the continued story, 'On a Margin,' which was published as a serial in that magazine, completed? and who wrote it? 3. Please give a few personal items—age, occupation, residence, etc.—about the following writers: Charles Nordhoff, Horace E. Scudder, C. W. Balestier, E. Eggleston, J. H. Morse, R. H. Stoddard, John Burroughs, Maurice Thompson, S. H. Gay, G. F. Lathrop and F. B. Stockton? 4. Who are the editors of *The New York Herald*, *The Nation*, the *Boston Advertiser and Traveller*, *The Springfield Republican*, the *London Times*, *Academy*, *Athenaeum*, *Saturday Review* and *Pull Mall Gazette*.

SIoux CITY, Iowa.

N. S.

[1. The good-will and subscription-list of *The Continent* have been purchased by *The Christian at Work*. Judge Tourgée's editorial department, headed 'Migma,' is now a feature of the latter paper. 2. 'On a Margin' has just been published in book form, but without the author's name, by Fords, Howard & Hulbert. 3. If we should attempt to answer this interesting question, our pen would run away with us, and we should have to write at least a column—which is more space than can be spared to any one query in this department. 4. The managing editor of the *Herald* is Edward T. Flynn, formerly editor of the *Telegram*; the leading editorial writer of the paper is Charles Nordhoff, who is also its Washington correspondent. *The Nation* is the weekly edition of *The Evening Post*, which is edited by E. L. Godkin and Horace White. *The Springfield Republican* is edited by S. G. Bowles, whose father founded the paper. The name of the editor of the *London Times* is Buckle; that of the editor of *The Athenaeum*, McColl. *The Saturday Review* is conducted by Walter Pollock, *The Academy* by J. S. Cotton and *The Pull Mall Gazette* by W. T. Stead.]

No. 834.—Can some reader of THE CRITIC favor me with the eight lines in Dryden's tragedy of 'Aurengzebe,' beginning 'Trust on, and think tomorrow will pay,' of which Macaulay says 'There are not eight finer lines in Lucretius'?

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

W. B. J.

No. 835.—What is William H. Seward's epitaph, and from what was it taken?

NEW YORK CITY.

J.

ANSWERS.

No. 814.—Concerning the cry of 'Hep,' see Milman's 'History of the Jews' (Vol. II, p. 189 of Crowell's American reprint), or any other history of the medieval Jews. The cry seems to have been first heard about the time of the first crusade. It is well to remember that while Milman follows the usual course of the authorities in making 'Hep' the representative of the words 'Hierosolyma est perdita,' there have been other explanations suggested; none, however, so probable as this.

MERCHANTVILLE, N. J.

CHAS. W. GREENE.

No. 823.—1. Tourguéneff's 'Recollections of a Sportsman' has been translated into English by J. D. Merklejohn, under the title of 'Russian Life in the Interior'

NEW BRITTON, S. I.

W. L. WILLIAMS.